

KEEPSAKES.

Two little baby boys I own;
The elder scarcely walks alone.
His sunny hair and large brown eyes,
His earnest look of sweet surprise,
His funny ways and joyous shout.
I could not tell all about
If I should try a year.

He creeps so fast to catch his toys,
And then he sets up such a noise;
His horse and dog and book and bell,
He throws them all about pell mell.
Oh, Mother Goose, if you could see
This little boy, so full of glee,
Your sides would ache, I fear.

He watches with a rueful face
The baby who usurps his place.
My darling boy, your little "nose
Had to be broken," I suppose.
'Tis very odd sometimes the way
You love your "bubber" in your play,
And bring a smile or tear.

In hammock low, among the trees,
Rocked back and forth by passing breeze,
The baby swings, and coos to see.
The gentle rustle of the tree,
The lights and shades, the leaves that fall,
The sunshine brooding over all—
'Tis Indian summer here.

Way overhead, in the blue sky,
Downy clouds float softly by.
A lullaby fair nature sings,
And through the air its music rings;
My little one falls fast asleep,
As sun and shadows o'er him creep,
His mother watching near.

Two baby boys! a God of love
Sends a gift from heaven above;
And like the shifting rainbow bright,
Tinging and drifting clouds with light,
Their souls, so fine and sweet, shine out
Breaking through mists of grief and doubt,
And make my pathway clear.

—Boston Transcript.

CITY FINANCES.

For the Journal:

On Saturday next the citizens of Jefferson City will again vote on the issuing of renewal bonds, and the question is shall they vote for the proposition to issue eight per cent bonds. We say not, and the following are our reasons: Money is not worth eight per cent where the amount is well secured and interest punctually paid. The U. S. Government obtains money at 4 1/2 per cent, the State of Missouri at 6 per cent, St. Louis at 6 per cent., with a small discount on the bonds. Why should Jefferson City with a comparatively small debt, and having always paid its interest, pay so high a rate of interest as eight per cent. Let the bonds and interest be well secured and we can get what money is needed at a lower rate of interest than proposed to be paid. Let seven per cent twenty year bonds be issued and the payment be secured as follows: Take the three per cent. the difference between 7 and 10 as now paid and make it a sinking fund to be applied to the purchase and retiring of bonds each year. Make it a condition in the bonds that in case of failure to pay interest, say within 60 days after due the bonds themselves shall become due and payable. Stipulate for the establishment of the sinking fund and its application as stated, and print the ordinance containing these conditions in the bond and would make it a part of the contract. Such bonds would be taken in exchange without a doubt. Why should the present holders of bonds accept such renewal bonds in exchange? First because they would be well secured, second the interest would be punctually paid, third they show that the city is in earnest to punctually pay debt an interest, fourth they can obtain the bonds in exchange without trouble or expense. It is true that the city is deeply interested in maintaining its credit, but this is best done when things are so shaped that it can meet its obligations promptly. The bondholder ought not to be so oppressive, for that begies a state of things such as we now behold in the controversies between the counties and those holding their bonds. Four years of litigation has not produced money enough for the bondholders to pay their Attorneys. Compromises are becoming the order of the day and renewal bonds at six per cent. are accepted. If this was an unreasonable rate of interest there would be a wrong to the creditors. But whatever bondholders say about agreements to pay more, we all know that six per cent. is a reasonable rate. The law makes that the rate, though it allows agreements to be made up to ten per cent. The usurer employs the same argument in favor of paying 12 or 2 per cent. a month, as the bondholders. There is reason in all things, and because one man has money and the other needs it, he ought to be oppressive. While no blame attaches to the city council in the matter of submission, one thing is certain, the bondholders or some of them are always watching and presenting their side of the case. The taxpayer tends to his when he goes to the election, and he should not be frightened by the argument of the necessity of the maintaining of our credit or the course which bondholders may pursue. Do what is reasonable and just, and let the consequences take care of themselves. Vote down the proposition as presented and request the City Council to submit a proposition looking to the issuing of seven per cent. renewal bonds, with a sinking fund, as suggested.

A TAXPAYER.

DECORATION DAY.

There will be a meeting of citizens at the court-house on Tuesday, 15th inst., at 4 p. m. for the purpose of making suitable arrangements for decorating the graves of all soldiers buried at the National Cemetery. A general attendance is requested.

G. EMIL SCHERER,
Supt. National Cemetery.

—From Saturday's Tribune.

LITTLE LEONA HAMER.

ATTURED FOR THE GRAVE AND PLACED UPON
A RAILROAD TRAIN TO DIE.

It is difficult to realize or explain the depraved character of a man who could send away a dying child, attired for the grave, to die upon a railroad train, without money or care and among strangers. The idea is so revolting in its inhumanity that it will hardly bear commenting upon. But a case of wanton desertion of a dying child was brought to notice yesterday on the arrival of the morning train on the Mo. River, Fort Scott & Gulf railroad. A little girl, a mere infant in size, evidently in the last stages of consumption, was carried from one of the passenger coaches and laid down upon one of the benches in the old depot. She was so wan and pale, so weak and inanimate, that at first people thought she was dead. It was a scene new to the place. Sick people invariably have some kind friend to wait upon them—some gentle hand to smooth a pillow or support the weary head. But this little child was alone. She was attired in clothing as white as snow, and appeared to have been dressed for the grave. An old waterproof cloak, a paper containing two dry slices of bread and a few as havens of dried beef was the entire baggage and effects of the sick child.

Enquiries made by the people in the depot discovered the following facts in the case: Her name is Leona Hamer, and she is an orphan. Her step-grandfather, a Second Advent preacher, named Joshua Longworth, residing in Linn county, Kansas, brought her to the early train on the Fort Scott road yesterday morning, laid her upon a vacant seat in the car and jumped off the train again before it started. He had provided the dying girl with a half-fare ticket to Kansas City and gave her a card, stating that she desired to go to her aunt in Tipton, Mo. The name of the aunt was not put upon the card, nor did the little sufferer know it. All she knew, was that her aunt's name was "Mollie."

It was not long before kind words were being whispered to the lonely little orphan, and tender arms bore her to a soft bed in the Leland where Mrs. Nugent and other kind ladies ministered to the sufferer. It was a sight which made many hearts ache, and more than one stout man clinched his fist and frowned when he thought of the inhuman brute who had set forth so tender a flower out upon a railroad to die alone and without even one kind friend to hand her a cup of water. Superintendent Barnes, of the Missouri River, Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad, purchased the child a Pullman car ticket, and Division Superintendent Hale, of the Missouri Pacific, cheerfully gave her a pass to Tipton, and telegraphed down for some one to meet the train and care for her on her arrival.

She was somewhat refreshed when she was carried to the cars through the rain last evening, but her face seemed to have upon it the pallor of death. It was considered doubtful whether she could live to reach Tipton. It might have been better to have kept her here, for who can tell whether she has even an "Aunt Mollie" at Tipton. The indignation of the people about the Union Depot was very great. It was fortunate for the inhuman step-grandfather that he was in Pleasanton and not at the Union Depot. No punishment would be too severe for one who would send a dying child destitute to die upon a train among strangers. Even the Indians are not so barbarous and inhuman.—K. C. Times.

IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

Cannot but be the happy thought as the fortunate recipient of the ROCKY MOUNTAIN TOURIST scans its wonderfully attractive pages and peruses its fascinating descriptions. Most beautifully embellished with new and highly artistic engravings. Its letter-press a model of typographical richness, and the arrangement throughout simply superb, the ROCKY MOUNTAIN TOURIST is worthy of comparison with Picturesque America or The Aldine. It is written in gossipy, graphic style, covering details of the tour through the garden of the Southwest (the Arkansas Valley, Southern Kansas), to the very heart of the Alps of America—the Rocky Mountains. Jaunts are made to all the famous resorts of Colorado, the remarkable ruins, the springs, the mines, and, in short, to every point of interest to tourist, agriculturist, capitalist, miner and invalid. With the TOURIST, the SAN JUAN GUIDE keeps fitting company, and the two publications are mailed free to all writing for one or both to T. J. Anderson, Topeka, Kas. apr25—wtf

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of The Living Age for the weeks ending May 5th and 12th respectively, contain Across Africa (a review of Cameron's journey) from the British Quarterly; On Certain Relations between Plants and Insects, Fortnightly Review; Is the Pulpit Losing its Power? Nineteenth Century; The French Army in 1877, Blackwood; Realism in Unbelief, Spectator; Dr. Carpenter's "Mental Physiology," Quarterly; Robert Herrick, by F. T. Palgrave Macmillan; A Slave Hunt in Borneo, Gentleman's Magazine; Miss Muloch (Mrs. Craik), Victoria Magazine; Microscopic Extravagance, Spectator; The New Asceticism, Spectator; together with shorter articles, and poetry, and instalments of George MacDonald's and William Black's fine serials.

A new volume began with April. For fifty-two numbers, of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 4,000 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with The Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Gay Boston, are the publishers.

The sour oranges of Florida—fruit which grows indigenously and most abundantly in that strange peninsula—have at last been utilized in the manufacture of marmalade.

HE LEFT HER.

THE ROMANCE OF A DESERTED WIFE—THE
STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL LURED INTO
AN ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE BY A
DRY GOODS DRUMMER.

About three months ago a gentleman calling himself S. P. Richards, commercial traveler and representative of the large dry goods house of Frederick Crumbaugh & Co., of 419 Lake street, Chicago, came to Sedalia and engaged rooms for himself and wife, at a private residence in this city. They were a newly married couple, and the young bride was a distant relative of the lady in whose house boarding was obtained. She had met Mr. Richards at Fremont, Nebraska, last summer. An attachment had sprung up between them, and greatly in opposition to the wishes of her uncle, with whom she was living she determined

TO MARRY HIM.

This she did on the 14th of last November, and immediately started on a bridal tour to San Francisco. The morning of her marriage her uncle paid over to her husband her little dowry of \$2,600, the bequest of another uncle who had died without children, and who stipulated in his will that it was to be given into her hands, or that of her husband, when she

BECAME A WIFE.

to do with as she pleased. Whether or not it was wise in her guardian to follow the strict injunctions of this singular will, it is hardly necessary now, to inquire. He was offended with his niece in marrying in opposition to his wishes, and was glad to be rid of both her and her fortune. His parting words to her were: "You have made your bed and must lie on it. I have no wish ever to see your face again." These were

TERRIBLE WORDS

to address to a young and happy bride, but in the fullness of her joy, she soon forgot them. Why should she care? He was a stern and unsympathetic man, and could make no allowance for a young girl, captivated by the dashing air, the charming manners and beguiling tongue of the fascinating commercial traveler. She was going out into the world with the man she loved, and her heart was bubbling.

O'ER WITH BLISS.

She shed a few quiet tears—thought, with sorrow, of the harsh words for a moment and then smiled, beneath her husband's caresses. They reached San Francisco on the night of the 17th of November, and took rooms at the Palace Hotel. For two weeks or more, life was radiant. The glitter and gaud of a great city charmed and bewildered the simple girl of the plains. The theaters, the gardens and the concerts were a succession of brilliant delights she had never dreamed of sharing. Then the lover's ardor began to cool. The graceful wiferies of

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

had come to pall upon his taste. He was less lavish in his caresses, and as the days went by his absences were longer and more frequent. One morning he came hurriedly into her room, his face flushed and excited, his manner ill at ease, and told her that he had been summoned to Chicago immediately. There was no time to lose—they must go at once. Obedient to his wishes, she was ready in an hour. Glad in her simple heart to take him away from temptation, she looked upon the summons as providential. It never

ENTERED HER HEAD

to question its genuineness. They reached Chicago in January, and for two weeks kept close and secret lodgings. It then first began to dawn upon her mind that her husband was acting curiously. If he had been summoned to Chicago on business, why didn't he attend to it? But he rarely left his room, and never the house. He acted like a man

WHO WAS HIDING.

But from what? Surely, her husband had no cause to shun the looks of men. One day she asked him:

"Why do you never go out?"
"I have no business to go out."
"But you came here on business."
"Yes, and I have attended to it."

While talking to him of her relatives, she spoke of a cousin living in Sedalia—her only kin, besides her uncle, living. Two days after the conversation alluded to, he suggested that they should come to Sedalia.

"I have business that way, and you can make a visit to your cousin."

She consented readily, and they arrived here early in February. After staying a couple of days he went away, saying he would be gone for a week. That was the last heard of him until three days ago, when the following letter was received:

NEW YORK, May 5, 1877.

MY DEAR MARY—You will never see or hear of me again. I have acted the villain towards you, and the least I can do is to acknowledge it. I never was commercial traveller—never had any connection with a dry goods house. I am a thief, with a price set upon my head. Every dollar of your little fortune is gone, and in the future you must look out for yourself. I might have been a better man if I had known you earlier. It is now too late.

S. P. RICHARDS.

This is all of the story—but it is sad enough to win heartfelt sympathy in the most obdurate breast.—Bazoo.

A DOOMED TOWN.

We learn that Cedar City, in this county, is in a hapless condition. All hope of saving the town has been abandoned and the people are moving out. All the houses that could be moved are being pushed back toward the hills. The depot will also be moved. Quite a number of convicts are at work to stop the ravages of the river, but their labors are hardly sufficient to accomplish so difficult a task. Capt. Eads, the great engineer, has visited the place and recommends deep spilling as the only thing that can possibly stop the washing away of the lands now threatened with speedy destruction.—Fulton Telegraph.

JOSH BILLINGS ON EDITORS.

An editor is a male being whose business it is to navigate a nuzzle paper. He writes out editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts out manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows up the "devil" steals matter, steers other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar and 50 cents a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay when he can get it, raises a large family, works 19 hours out of every 24, knows no Sunday, gets abused by everybody and once in a while whipt by somebody, lives poor, dies middle-aged and often broken-hearted, leaves no money, is rewarded for a life of toil with a short but free obituary notice in the nuzzle papers. Exchanges please copy.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Bacon Montgomery in the Sedalia Democrat of yesterday, Tuesday, tells of Pointexter Edmundson's narrow escape from hanging for the murder of William Shaw, in Stoddard county. Pointexter had been severely handled in a fight with Shaw, and swore to have vengeance against him. He had a half-witted brother who took his injuries seriously to heart, became frantic with rage at Shaw on account of them. The half-witted brother was named James. Brooding over the wrong of Pointexter drove him to madness, and the story goes he secretly went to work and killed Shaw. But the noble hearted Pointexter resolved not to expose his foolish brother, and when, instead of the real perpetrator of the crime, he was charged with it, he went into court, stood his trial and was convicted and sentenced to death.

At last the foolish brother who had committed the deed, sickened and died, and on his death bed made public confession that he had committed the deed and that his brother was innocent. This fact was brought to the knowledge of the Governor, and a reprieve was granted.

If the foolish brother had not have died just as he did, and confessed just as he did, then Pointexter Edmundson would yesterday have died the death of a felon, and to-day have been food for the worms. Pointexter is no doubt gratified. If he ain't, he ought to be. He saved his bacon by a scratch.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

We have received from the Fine Art Publishing House of Geo. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, several pictures recently published by them. The subjects, as works of high art, deserve the highest praise. Stinson & Co. were among the pioneers in the Fine Art publishing business in this country, and year by year their business has grown, until at the present time it has assumed colossal proportions.

A short time since they published a chromo that had a run of over one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies. The weight of them unmounted was over nine tons. In the selection of subjects, Stinson & Co. show correct judgment of the public taste, which natural talent, aided by long experience, alone can give. They publish every description of fine works of art, from a chromo to a photograph—from a fine Crayon drawing to the most elegant Steel Engraving.

They bring into service the skill of the most talented artists.

Messrs. Stinson & Co. are at present in want of a large number of new agents, to whom they offer the most liberal inducements. We call attention to their advertisement, headed, "To the Working Class," in our advertising columns.

A CARD FROM H. C. GOODALL.

VERSAILLES, Morgan county, May 7, 1877.

Editor Sedalia Democrat:

DEAR SIR—I have just been informed (by letter from a brother of mine) that there appeared in your paper, the 25th ult., a very slanderous article concerning one Goodall of Cole Camp, formerly of Jefferson City. As I am the only one of that name that has been in Cole Camp this spring, I suppose that I am the intended victim. You will undoubtedly know what article I refer to, so I will not quote it. I will just state that I never did insult a lady at Cole Camp, and the only sign of a mob that I saw while there, was a crowd led by P. Mittelbach, who I suppose is the author of the article spoken of. He followed me all of one afternoon, declaring to the crowd that I was a bushwhacker, and being a stranger there, was really afraid to defend myself, until I found a gentleman who assured me that he would see fair play. The consequence was that I put a fine head on Mittelbach, and the gentleman, Mr. James Leffler, served another of the crowd the same.

As I wish this to end the matter, I will acknowledge what I did do there: In the first place, I drank too much whiskey, but paid for all of it, and while under the influence of that peace destroyer, I had some sharp words with a married lady, and although my words were spoken in retaliation, she was very much offended, but not insulted. She never claimed that I made any dishonorable overtures or propositions to her; I would be perfectly willing to leave it to her, but am not at liberty to use her name. Mr. Ace Tucker and Geo. Brown, her friends and neighbors, were present, and if she had been insulted, would, no doubt, have resented it, but they did not. Still I acknowledge that I said more than a gentleman would say to a lady.

Now, as regards my conduct while in Cole Camp, I refer you to Mr. Wilber McCall, with whom I boarded and lodged all the time that I was in the county. Also, to Dr. Freed, of Cole Camp, and to the mail contractor on the line between Sedalia and Cole Camp, Mr. Chas. Leffler; I was frequently at his house. Now these are three as good citizens as Benton county affords, and I am not afraid of their verdict.

As to my standing at home, I will just send you a bit of paper which I happen to have. It will speak for itself. After reading it, you will please mail it to me here.

In justice to myself and my children, I hope

you will publish this letter forthwith, with such comments as you may deem proper, and and please send me a copy to this place.

Very respectfully,
H. C. GOODALL.

—From Sedalia Democrat, 12.

DECORATION DAY.

PRELIMINARY PREPARATIONS FOR ITS
OBSERVANCE.

FULL LIST OF COMMITTEES.

OFFICE NATIONAL CEMETERY,
Jefferson City, Mo., May 13, 1877.

At a meeting held at the above place at 3 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for decoration day, 30 day of May; Col. Mack J. Leaming was called to the chair, and George J. W. Nexsen elected Secretary, and the following committees were appointed.

ON FINANCE—Charles L. Bush, B. A. Suppan, Ashley W. Ewing.
ON INVITATION—Arnold Krekel, Jonathan Grimshaw, James E. Carter.
ON SPEAKING—Mack J. Leaming, H. B. Johnson, L. H. Waters, Ed. L. King.

ON FLOWERS.

Mr. Ralph Willis, Miss Florence Ewing.
" Wm. K. Bradbury, " S. B. Mariner.
" Jacob Fisher, " Mary Knaup.
" Chas. L. Guenther, " Carrie Kaiser.
" Ashley W. Ewing, " P. Dallmeyer.
" Henry W. Ewing, " Katie Griffith.
" Livingston Davison, " Sallie Grimshaw.
" Rudolph Dallmeyer, " Mattie Curry.

ON ARRANGEMENTS.]

Adjutant-General Mitchell.
Dr. C. W. Thompson.
J. Ed. Belch.
M. T. C. Williams.
B. U. Massey.
Edward Schueller.
F. A. Nitchy.
Phil. E. Chappell.
W. H. Lusk.
Henry Falk.
G. L. Emil Scherer.
John Opel.
Henry Nitchy.
George J. W. Nexsen.
Tennessee Matthews, Jr.
Austain A. King.
James S. Botsford.
Robert J. Hopkins.
Wm. Wells.
J. S. Ambrose.
George Wagner.
A. M. Lay.
Peter Meyers.

Moved and seconded that this meeting adjourn to meet at the Court House on Tuesday P. M. at 4 o'clock, and requesting the several committees to be present and organize.

Also moved that the JOURNAL and Tribune be requested to publish the above proceedings. The meeting then adjourned.

MACK J. LEAMING.

President.

GEO. J. W. NEXSEN.

Secretary.

THE WONDERS OF COLORADO.

Startling developments are constantly being made in Colorado, and it would appear that wonders are never to cease in that distant State. The Mountaineer of a recent date furnishes the following account of strange discoveries made in the southern part of that region:

We have just received a call from Mr. L. Allen, an elderly gentleman from Rochester, N. Y., who came to Colorado about a year ago. By the advice of physicians Mr. Allen was instructed to keep in the open air as much as possible, and so has traveled extensively through southern Colorado, prospecting and viewing the country. He gave us the particulars of a strange discovery he made on one of his tramps, but declined at present to state the exact locality; mentioning only that it was some distance south from Pueblo. At the place mentioned several large mounds or foot-hills appear rising from the plains, and situated some distance from the mountains. Mr. Allen visited these, and the first thing peculiar he noticed was what appeared to be a petrified cocoon. It was much larger than the ordinary fruit of this kind, but almost perfect in formation. The three eyes of a cocoon were plainly to be seen. On breaking open the strange stone or petrification the shell appeared perfect, being some half-inch in thickness, and the inside was composed of white crystal quartz. Mr. Allen continued his investigations and discovered a number of other specimens similar to the first; also others resembling other kinds of fruits. Some of these contained what appeared to be seeds embedded in quartz. Specimens of petrified wood in large quantities were also found. The mounds or hills appeared to be made up of loose, sandy soil, and shells were found of great variety and quantity. The strangest part of the discovery, however, was yet to come. In digging into the side of the hill, Mr. Allen unearthed what seemed to be a perfectly petrified sea turtle, and before closing his investigations about a dozen of these were discovered, almost perfect and no doubt they are genuine petrifications of sea turtles such as are found in the Pacific. From the numerous specimens of shells that are found at various places on the plains, and numbers of which can be found and are found in this vicinity, many persons are led to believe that the great plains on which we live were at one time the bed of an immense ocean, and this discovery would tend to confirm that theory.